

How to Train Your Pachirisu

by DragonBlade152

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, PokÃ©mon

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Pachirisu

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-03-25 05:08:51

Updated: 2015-12-25 01:11:31

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:21:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 7

Words: 12,968

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Morgan is once again in a different world as a Pachirisu, but this time she has dragons to deal with. Sequel to the Pachirisu of the Ring, but can be read separately.

1. Prologue

Hiya and welcome to my latest piece of insanity. This is a sequel to Pachirisu of the Ring, a Pokemon-Lord of the Rings crossover, but I will try to write this so that you don't have to read the prequel if you don't want to. All you have to know is pretty much in the last part of the sixth sentence. I might make a few references, but those should be kept to a minimum. I own nothing. Anyway, on with the story!

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><p>Morgan was once again multitasking. This time she was playing Pokemon Diamond while watching her new obsession, How to Train Your Dragon. She didn't really expect anything to come of it. After all, big adventures usually only came once, right? Plus, her Pachirisu was safely stored in her PC. Almost absentmindedly she ran a finger along a notch in her left ear, one of the two things she had returned with after getting sucked into the Lord of the Rings universe and getting turned into a Pachirisu on the side. The other was a small clear stone shaped like a leaf and set in silver, strung on a chain and currently hidden beneath her shirt.<p>

A strange sound made her look up. The movie was slowing down and becoming distorted. What was up with that? DVD got scratched, maybe? Morgan felt something like a tug. Her vision became blurry as the pull became stronger.

"Not again." she sighed as everything seemed to drop out from under her. Once again she felt like she was suffocating, then everything became black.

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><p>More will come soon, promise. Review, if you'd be so kind.<p>

2. Let's Get Started!

I apologize for both the delay and the poor quality of this chapter. Between big papers, studying for finals, and throwing up I haven't had much time. Anyway, here's the next chapter!

* * *

><p>"What theâ€|"<p>

Morgan opened her eyes almost groaned when she saw the brown-haired freckled face that was staring at her. With a sigh she stood up.

"Hi."

The boy, presumably Hiccup, jumped back. "Y-you talk?"

"Yep." Morgan did a quick check and confirmed that she was once again a Pachirisu. Oh well. Maybe this little adventure would result in fewer injuries. No chance of a Nazgã»l throttling her here, right?

"What are you? You look like aâ€|"

"Call me a squirrel and you've had it."

"OK thenâ€|"so what are you?"

Morgan stood to her full height, which wasn't very much. "I am a Pachirisu, thank you very much."

"A Pa-what?"

"Just call me Morgan." She looked around curiously. From what she could see it looked like Gobber's shop. She couldn't see too much, though, because she was between a wall and Hiccup's bola-throwing thing. "So what's going on?"

"Nothing much. Just another dragon attack." Hiccup replied with a hint of what might have been sarcasm.

Dragon attack, huh? Then this must be near the beginning of the movie. "So have you tried out this thing out yet?" she gestured to the machine in front of her.

"Umâ€|"no."

"You should go try it out."

"Wait. Like now?"

"You made it for catching dragons, right?"

"Well, yeah."

"There're dragons outside right now, so what better time is there?"

"Gobber told me to stay put."

"Since when have you listened to him?"

Hiccup's mouth opened and closed a few times before he was able to say anything. "H-hold on a second. Let me get this straight. I am being convinced by a talking squirrel to go out into extremely dangerous circumstances to try something I don't even know works. You have got to be kidding me."

"First off, I am not a squirrel. Second, I'm not kidding."

Hiccup ran a hand through his hair. "I have to be hallucinating."

"Afraid not."

"Prove it."

Morgan used just enough electricity to give him a shock. Hiccup yelped and jumped back.

"W-what are you?"

"I told you, I'm a Pachirisu."

"But what's a Paâ€|Pachâ€|whatever you said?"

Morgan opened her mouth to explain the concept of PokÃ©mon to him, but decided that might be a little too much. "Well, obviously I look like a weird squirrel that can talk and shoot lightning. And maybe do a few other things, too."

"Right, soâ€|why are you here?"

"Um, probably to get you into going on a crazy 'try something out which leads to this secret that makes everything better until that secret gets discovered and then you lose everything only to go and almost get killed to get part of it back and everything turns out better than before' sort of adventure."

Hiccup stared at her in silence for a few moments. "And what will you be doing while I'm on this little 'adventure'?"

"Don't worry; I'll be with you most of the time to make sure you don't get fried or something like that."

"You're serious?"

"Dead serious."

They stared at each other for several moments. Finally Hiccup sighed.

"All right."

"Yes! Let's go catch us a Night Fury!"

"But there hasn't been any Night Furies sighted yet."

Morgan stared at him, disbelief on her face. "Seriously?" Without waiting for a reply she hopped into the windowsill. Outside there were a bunch of meaty-looking Vikings running around screaming and waving weapons. No sign of a Night Fury. "Toothless, if you don't show up you are in for some serious pain."

After a minute Morgan's ears caught a high-pitched whine. A burst of blue flame exploded in the distance, ripping apart a catapult. Cries of "Night Fury! Get down!" rang through the air as the Vikings ducked.

"OK, now let's go catch us a Night Fury." Morgan said, hopping onto the bola cannon.

"I was thinking more of a Nadder." Hiccup said nervously as he grabbed the handles.

"Oh, come on. Everyone's seen a Nadder. Who's seen a Night Fury?"

"Well, no one, butâ€¦"

"Hey, go big or go home. That's how things work around here, right?"

Hiccup sighed. "Fine. But if this goes horribly wrong it's all your fault."

"Blame accepted. Let's just hope it doesn't go horribly wrong."

As Hiccup began wheeling his contraption outside Morgan found a niche to hide in. Hiding was going to be a problem. In her last adventure all she had to do was duck into Aragorn's hood. Hiccup, however, had only his vest, and that wasn't going to work too well. Maybe he could convince people he'd suddenly put on weight? Not likely. She'd probably have to make do with watching from a distance and hoping he had enough sense not to get fried.

"Where should we go?" Hiccup asked as they weaved around people and dragons.

"Well, where do you think that Night Fury will strike next?"

"Ummâ€¦" Hiccup slowed down, "It hit a catapult, so it'll probably go after another one."

"Let's find a catapult to aim at, then."

Hiccup took off, huffing as he started up a hill. When he reached the top he stopped. Morgan hopped off as he set up his contraption. It was quiet up on the hill. The fires down below in the village were mostly blocked out by the hill itself, allowing the stars to glitter above. The catapult was a shadow in the distance, currently unmanned

like it was in the movie.

"I've always wondered why Toothless hit that catapult when no one was using it." Morgan muttered to herself.

"Do you really think this will work?" Hiccup asked, scanning the skies for any sign of the Night Fury.

"Yes, I do. Whether it actually does or not is another matter."

Hiccup glanced at her, eyebrow raised, before continuing to look for a target. Morgan began silently praying. What if Hiccup missed? What if Toothless didn't attack the catapult? What if another dragon attacked the catapult? What if another dragon decided they would make tasty snacks? What if all these questions distracted her from doing something important?

A sudden sound made Morgan look up. It was that high-pitched whine again. A burst of blue flame struck the catapult, blasting it to pieces. Hiccup fired off his bola, getting thrown back in the process. He and Morgan watched as the weighted ropes hit something, sending it crashing a fair distance away.

"I-I hit it!" Hiccup said, jumping to his feet, "Yes! Did anyone else see that?"

A crunching noise caused him to turn. A Monstrous Nightmare was standing on his now-flattened bola launcher and looking like it was in the mood to fry something. Hiccup actually looked more disappointed than scared.

"Except for you."

"Now might be a good time to run."

Morgan and Hiccup took off in opposite directions. The Nightmare, understandably, went after the larger target. Morgan did a quick U-turn and dashed off in pursuit of the dragon that was getting uncomfortably close to Hiccup. A jolt of electricity caused the Nightmare to pause just long enough so that Hiccup could get behind a pole to avoid a torrent of flaming liquid. Now as long as Stoick wasn't late...

A violent yell announced the arrival of the Viking chief. He slammed into the Nightmare's head, distracting it from the boy cowering behind the now-burning pole. The dragon attempted to burn Stoick to a crisp, but was only able to produce a tiny amount of fire.

"You're all out." Stoick said before launching himself at the Nightmare, punching and kicking until it gave up and flew off. He turned to the pole right as it fell. Morgan, not really wanting to watch the ensuing scene, started heading towards where she guessed Hiccup's house to be. The worst thing that could happen now was if Stoick killed Hiccup, and she was pretty sure that wouldn't happen. If her memory served her right, Hiccup's house was up on the hill, close to that big building. All she had to do was wait until Hiccup came. Unless he had to clean up his mess, which would really suck. Was Toothless alright at this point, or had the crash killed him?

"Y'know, for a kid's movie this sure has potential for a lot of really bad things to happen." she muttered to herself.

Her reflections on how messy her adventure might get were cut short by Hiccup and someone who must have been Gobber coming up the hill. They stopped in front of the house Morgan had guessed to be Hiccup's and talked. She could make out "fish bone," "stop trying so hard to be something you're not," and "you guys." Then Hiccup went inside and Gobber went back down the hill. Great. She scampered to the rear of the house just in time to see Hiccup come out the back door. Instead of heading towards the forest, though, he sat down on the grass, head in his arms.

"What's up?" Morgan asked as she came close.

Hiccup looked up. He almost seemed annoyed to see her. "No one believes me. The one time I actually managed to pull something off, and no one believes me." He sighed and put his head back down.

"Well then, let's go find it."

"What?" Hiccup looked at her like she was crazy.

"Look, you saw it go down. I saw it go down. That means it has to be out there somewhere. The only way to get people to believe you is if you show them, and to show them we need to find it."

Hiccup continued to stare at her for a few moments before getting up. "You're right."

Morgan beamed as she climbed onto his shoulder. "Let's go find that Night Fury!"

The sun began climbing over the horizon as the two entered the forest, illuminating their path as they began their search for the one thing Morgan knew that could bring peace between Vikings and dragons.

* * *

><p>Next week is finals, and then I'm off for the summer. Then I won't have an excuse for not writing! Catch y'all later! Review please!<p>

3. The Downed Dragon

It's late and it's short, but here's the next chapter.

* * *

><p>"We're never gonna find it."<p>

"Only if you keep saying that."

Hiccup sighed as he pushed through the undergrowth. "We've already searched half the island."

"That means we only have half the island left."

"You never give up, do you?"

Morgan struck a heroic pose. "Never give up! Never surrender!"

Hiccup shook his head to hide his grin. "You're crazy."

"Maybe, but I'm also cute and loveable."

The brown-haired teen rolled his eyes, then let out a sharp cry of pain as he walked straight into a branch. Morgan let out a similar cry as she was knocked from his shoulder.

"What the fudge was..." she started, then stopped when she saw the tree the branch was connected to. It was broken clean off about halfway down and stripped of leaves, like something had crashed into it. Just past the tree was a wide furrow that ended abruptly at a steep drop. Claw marks on both the tree and the dirt suggested a very large something had tried to stop without much success. "I think we've found our Night Fury."

Hiccup was silent as he carefully walked down the furrow. Near the edge the ground rose steeply before dropping off. He crawled up the short incline and peered over the edge for a moment before ducking back down. "It's down there." he whispered, his voice a mixture of triumph, awe, and gut-wrenching terror.

Morgan hopped over and looked over the edge. Sure enough, there was a jet-black dragon laying a short distance down the hill, just past some boulders. It was tangled up in Hiccup's bola and wasn't moving. At all. Had the crash killed it? They weren't likely to get another shot at a Night Fury. "It's not moving. Let's go check it out."

"Are you..." Hiccup started, but Morgan had already scooted over the edge and was scampering to one of the boulders. With a heavy sigh he followed suit, half sliding down the slope until he reached the boulder that Morgan was currently behind. "What do we do now?"

"You're the one that brought it down. You get to decide what to do with it."

Hiccup opened his mouth, closed it, and peered around the boulder. "Do you think it's even alive?"

"Honestly, I have no idea. It hasn't moved, that's for sure."

Hiccup fumbled around with his vest and finally managed to pull a knife out of his belt. After taking a big breath he crept out from behind the boulder and cautiously approached the dragon. When it didn't move he gained a little more confidence. "I-I did it." he whispered, then said, a little louder, "I did it! I brought down this mighty beast!"

He put his foot on the Night Fury's leg to make a heroic pose. The leg moved, and Hiccup stumbled backwards. With what sounded like the dragon equivalent of a moan a brilliant yellowish-green eye opened, widening slightly when it saw Hiccup standing there, knife in hand. Hiccup swallowed nervously as he stared into that eye, then broke eye

contact and took a big breath.

"Alright, dragon," he muttered. His voice rose, getting louder and louder until he was almost shouting at the dragon. "I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Viking. I'm a Viking!" He held his knife above his head, ready to plunge it into the Night Fury.

"Don't kill him, don't kill him, don't kill him," Morgan muttered over and over as she watched from behind the boulder.

Hiccup seemed to hesitate before raising his knife higher. The Night Fury closed its eyes and lowered its head in resignation. After another moment of hesitation Hiccup sagged, his arms falling to his sides. Morgan let out her pent-up breath as Hiccup turned around and started walking towards her.

"I did this." He muttered to himself, then stopped and turned around. With a small sigh he went back to the dragon and started cutting the ropes that held it bound. The Night Fury's eyes snapped open. When most of the ropes were cut away it broke free of the rest and leaped at Hiccup, pinning him against a boulder.

"Don't kill him, don't kill him, don't kill him," Morgan muttered fervently as boy and dragon stared into each other's eyes.

The dragon reared back as if it was going to breathe fire. Rather than frying Hiccup, it let out an earsplitting roar before attempting, and only half succeeding, to fly off. After a few deep breaths Hiccup collected his knife and stood up.

"That was awesome!" Morgan said. Hiccup muttered something unintelligible and fell flat on his face. "Hey, are you OK?" she asked as she went over to him and poked him. He didn't move. "Huh, out cold. Hope he wakes up soon." With that Morgan curled up by his head to await his return to consciousness, occasionally poking him or making sure he was still breathing. It was beginning to get dark when Hiccup finally woke up.

"What happened?" he asked groggily as he sat up.

"Well, we found the dragon, you let it go, and it apparently scared the bejeebers out of you. Remember?"

Hiccup stared at her for a second before sighing. "Yeah." He stared at the ground, a disappointed look on his face. "What's my dad going to say?"

"Don't tell him." Morgan said, hopping onto his shoulder, "If he doesn't know, he can't be disappointed, right?"

Hiccup sighed again as he got to his feet. "Yeah. He probably won't care where I've been all day anyways."

"Well, what he doesn't know can't hurt us." Morgan said, then yawned. "I'm so ready for bed."

"So, uh, where do you non-squirrel things like to sleep?" Hiccup asked as he started walking towards the village.

"Honestly, wherever I can find a place. In trees, on the ground, in people's hoods, you get the picture."

Hiccup gave her a strange look. "...Right." They walked on for a few minutes in silence before Hiccup finally spoke again. "Well, I guess you could sleep in my room, you know, if you wanted to."

Morgan pumped a fist in the air. "Yes! No sleeping in the rain!"

"But it's not raining." Hiccup pointed out.

"Not right now, but I've figured out that it's seventy-three percent more likely to rain if I'm sleeping outside."

"Seventy-three percent? That seems like a random statistic."

"Well, about sixty-two percent of all statistics are made up."

Hiccup gave her one of his looks, then started chuckling. "And that last one was part of the sixty-two percent?"

"Yep. You catch on fast."

After a bit of walking they came to the village. Hiccup pointed out his window on the second floor, opened up a crack, and Morgan climbed up to it. As Hiccup went around to the front of the house Morgan slipped through the window. It was a bit of a squeeze, but she managed to get in with a minimum loss of fur. Once inside she looked around curiously, but since the sun had set there wasn't enough light to really see anything other than the vague shapes of a bed, a small table, and what might have been a chest of some sort. She thought she heard the voices of Hiccup and Stoick in another part of the house. That was probably the whole dragon training discussion. Hopefully.

After a minute or two Hiccup came in. There was a soft clicking sound and a candle flared up, revealing Hiccup holding his knife and a small stone. He looked frustrated as he set the candle on the small table and sat on the bed.

"What's wrong?" Morgan asked, hopping onto the bed.

"Oh, nothing much. My dad just decided to put me in dragon training." he said sarcastically.

"Hmm. Well, I guess there's worse things."

"Like what?"

"Well, you don't have to go on a hopeless quest to cart a piece of jewelry that seriously messes with your mind to a volcano in the middle of enemy territory with only a gardener and a twisted little creature with multiple personalities and a serious psychological dependency on said piece of jewelry as help. Oh, and in winter, too. With creepy wraith guys hunting you down at the same time."

Hiccup's eyebrows went up slightly. "You've done that before?"

"Well, not personally, but something kind of sort of similar."

"Right." Hiccup sighed and flopped back on the bed.

"There's something else bothering you."

Hiccup glared at her. "No, there isn't."

"Yes, there is. Now spit it out." Morgan matched his look with a stubborn glare of her own. After a minute or two Hiccup sighed and sat up.

"My dad's going off to find the dragon's nest."

"And you're worried he won't come back."

Hiccup sighed. "Those ships never come back. Ever."

"Well, there's a first time for everything. Let's just hope that this time is the first time."

Hiccup was about to say something, but was interrupted by a huge yawn. "Guess you're right."

"Yep. Good night." Morgan found a relatively comfortable corner and curled up. If everything went well Stoick would come back and Hiccup wouldn't get killed during dragon training. If not, well, she'd just have to worry about that when she got there.

* * *

><p>Apologies for the three-month wait for something as sad as this. To put it simply, life happened. I'll post a list on my account, if anyone is interested in the specifics. I know, maybe I'll make a cover for this story! Not as good as semi-regular updates, but it's something, right?<p>

4. Dragon Training

Heheh, sorry for not updating for over a year. Fit hit the shan, and there was a lot of fit. And this chapter gave me troubles. I don't know why.

* * *

><p>A quiet snore woke Morgan. With a muffled groan she sat up in time to see Hiccup mutter something and roll over.<p>

"Hm, not a dream then. Oh well." She stood and stretched before hopping up onto the windowsill. Not only was Hiccup's room at the back of the house, which faced west, it was also overcast, with signs of recent rain. No watching the sunrise for her, then. Of course, it looked like the sun was already up, so that was a moot point anyway. After looking out the window for a bit Morgan became board. When did dragon training start? What time was it, anyway? She hopped onto Hiccup's bed and started tickling his nose with her tail.

"Wakey wakey."

Hiccup groaned as he sat up and rubbed his nose. "What time is it?" he muttered as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

"No clue."

Hiccup blinked a few times and looked at her. "So it wasn't a dream?"

"That's what I said."

With a yawn and a stretch he got out of bed and looked out the window. "Still pretty early."

"When does dragon training start?"

Hiccup stared at her for a second before letting out a low moan. "Aw man, I totally forgot about that." He grabbed his vest and went downstairs with Morgan scampering behind him. After a quick breakfast of bread and some dried meat they headed outside. Hiccup hefted his ax awkwardly over his shoulder. "I'm probably late," he muttered.

"Better late than never," Morgan said from his other shoulder.

"Are you always so optimistic?"

"Yeah, except when I'm cold and tired. And wet. Being wet doesn't help at all."

Hiccup rolled his eyes as he hurried on. They reached the bridge that led to the ring just in time to see a small group of people enter it.

"You're not that late," Morgan said, "I'm going to run ahead and find a place to watch. Good luck!" With that she jumped off his shoulder and scampered off, carefully avoiding the two or three people who were there to watch. She managed to find a crack in the stone that was just big enough for her to squeeze into and would still give her a good view of what was going on inside the ring. "Hm, you'd think this was here just for me," she muttered as she wedged herself into the crack.

The other teens were talking about scars when Hiccup walked in. "I know, right? Pain, love it," he said, voice almost dripping with sarcasm.

His comment was met with a flurry of disparaging remarks, which ceased when Gobber walked in.

"Let's get started," he said. "The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing his first dragon in front of the entire village."

"Hiccup already killed a Night Fury, so does that disqualify him?" a stocky teen who must have been Snotlout said.

The others laughed and started walking towards the doors on the other side of the ring. Gobber put his arm around Hiccup's shoulder and

said something, no doubt the "encouraging" speech about the dragons thinking Hiccup was sick or insane. Once they were even with the others Gobber gently shoved Hiccup into the line of teens and started walking in front of the doors that lined the wall.

"Behind these doors are just a few of the dragons you will learn to fight," he said, pointing at each door. "The Deadly Nadder."

"Speed eight, armor sixteen," Fishlegs said.

"The Hideous Zippleback."

"Strength eleven, stealth times two."

"The Monstrous Nightmare."

"Firepower fifteen."

"The Terrible Terror."

"Attack eight, venom twelve."

"Can ye stop that!" Gobber snapped before placing his hand on a lever. "And, the Gronkle."

Fishlegs whispered something to Hiccup, probably something to the effect of jaw strength eight. Snotlout took a step forward.

"Whoa whoa, aren't you going to teach us first?"

"I believe in learning on the job." With that Gobber pulled down the lever.

As soon as the wart-covered dragon burst out it was pandemonium. Everyone scattered, trying to avoid the Gronkle as it flew around. Morgan was so busy trying not to laugh that she almost missed Gobber telling them to get a shield. The movie had done a poor job of portraying the hilariousness of big tough Viking teens running around scrabbling for shields.

"Every dragon has a shot limit," Gobber called. "How many shots does a Gronkle have?"

"Five?" Hiccup guessed.

"No, six!" Fishlegs said.

"Six, correct! That's one for each of you!"

"I still don't..."

A rock blast destroyed Fishleg's shield, sending him running. The Gronkle went after Astrid and managed to nail both Snotlout and Hiccup while it was at it. Hiccup took off after his now-rolling shield, and the Gronkle homed in on him. Hiccup soon found himself pressed against the wall near Morgan's crack, looking down the throat of the dragon as it powered up its final shot. Morgan got ready to zap it, but Gobber saved her the trouble, using his hook to pull the dragon away right as it launched its blast.

"And that's six," Gobber said as he swung the Gronkle towards its cage. "Go back to bed, ya overgrown sausage!" Once the dragon was secured behind the doors of its cage Gobber started heading back towards the teens, stopping in front of Hiccup. "Remember, a dragon will always, _always_ go for the kill."

Morgan couldn't see Hiccup's face, but she could guess what he was thinking. Once everyone was out of the ring she climbed out of her hiding spot and went to find Hiccup. He was already heading into the forest when she caught up with him, so absorbed with his thoughts that he barely noticed when Morgan jumped onto his shoulder.

"That didn't go nearly as bad as I thought it might," she said.

Hiccup just nodded absentmindedly as he continued through the undergrowth. Realizing she wouldn't be able to get a word out of him, Morgan occupied herself with keeping an eye out for low-hanging branches and anything Hiccup might trip over or fall into. When they got to the place where Toothless had crashed Morgan hopped down while Hiccup knelt by the remains of his bola.

"Gobber said dragons always go for the kill, right?" he asked.

"Yep. That's what he said."

"Then why didn't you?" Hiccup said to himself as he weighed one of the metal bola weights in his hands. He sighed as he stood, then walked in the direction the Night Fury had flown. Morgan followed him down the slope. They went into a fissure in a clump of rocks which opened up onto a ledge. Below was a cove of sorts, surrounded by steep rock walls. A waterfall tumbled down into a large pond, and trees grew here and there in tiny groves. The entire place was ringed with trees, and in several places roots sprang from the wall and ran all the way to the ground. It was a beautiful sight, but Hiccup seemed oblivious to the wonders of nature.

"Why am I so stupid?" he muttered as he leaned against the rock.

After a moment Morgan looked around the ledge. Wasn't there supposed to be...yep. Black scales, just like in the movie.

"Hey, what're those?"

Hiccup looked where she was pointing. Curious, he knelt down and picked one up. "They look like scales."

Morgan glanced at the cove, waiting for Toothless to make his appearance. When nothing happened she looked over the edge. No dragon in sight. Was he here? He had to be, otherwise his scales wouldn't be here, right? Unless he found a way out. Or he was taking a nap. Or he drowned. Or...

The Night Fury shot up next to the ledge, scrabbling at the rock and startling Morgan so bad she fell off the ledge. Her scream was cut off as she hit the cold water below. After struggling with the weight of her tail she managed to get to the surface.

"Stupid dragon," she muttered as she dog-paddled towards the

shore.

Toothless was still trying to claw his way out when Morgan got onto dry land, allowing her to scramble back up to the ledge unnoticed.

"Are you OK?" Hiccup whispered.

"Yeah. I'm just wet," Morgan replied, wringing out her tail.

Below, Toothless had stopped trying to climb out. As he watched the fish in the pond Hiccup whipped out his sketch book and started drawing the dragon. When Hiccup was finished Morgan looked at it, then at the dragon.

"He only has one tail fin."

"Oh. Oops." Hiccup wiped away the charcoal lines, then looked back at the Night Fury. "Why don't you just fly away?"

The makeshift pencil slipped out of Hiccup's hand, clattering against the rocks as it fell into the cove. Morgan let out a quiet "eep!" as she darted behind Hiccup. She didn't know if dragons ate creatures her size or not, but she'd rather not risk it, and heaven knew what would happen if Toothless saw her now. Maybe he'd claw his way up and fry them or something.

"Psst, Morgan," Hiccup whispered after a moment.

"What?"

"Could you get my pencil?"

"Um, Hiccup, in case you haven't noticed, there's a freakin' dragon down there."

"You're small. Couldn't you just sneak down there?"

Morgan risked a peek over the edge. Toothless was staring up at them, and he didn't look in the best of moods. Not good. She'd have to do something before Hiccup came back. "He looks kind of ticked off. Maybe later."

"But..."

"Two things. One, he's staring right at us. Two, I don't know if dragons eat Pachirisu or not, and I'd rather not find out the hard way. If it's so important, make another one."

Hiccup glanced over the edge, then sighed. "OK."

"Great. So...are we done here for now?"

"I guess." Hiccup backed up and stood.

"Maybe he'll be in a better mood tomorrow," Morgan said as she hopped onto his shoulder.

Hiccup just nodded as they went through the forest. When they got closer to the village he suddenly said, "Do you think it would like

fish?"

"Probably. I mean, they don't really steal sheep or cows, do they? So that would leave fish. Or rocks. But probably fish. I take it you're planning on going back tomorrow?"

"Yep."

"Great. I'll meet you back at the house. Bring me something to eat." With that Morgan shot off. She had a dragon to talk to tomorrow, and if she didn't want to get eaten she'd need a plan.

* * *

><p>Just a heads-up: I am planning on tackling this story until one of us is finished. However, I'm also doing NaNoWriMo, so I might not be working on it much (or at all) for a month. If there's anything you'd like to see in this story (like the dragon book, which I'm debating whether to put it in or not) now's the time to say so. And happy Halloween!<p>

5. Forbidden Friendship

And I was going to have this chapter posted in May...

I really don't have any excuses other than writer's block, school, and a project (for school) that literally took up all my free time in July. And editing a couple of books for a friend of mine, which took longer than expected. This was just a really hard chapter to write, and I have no clue why. But I got it up before classes start again, so I guess that's something, right?

* * *

><p>The next morning Morgan went as far as the bridge that led to the ring before hopping off Hiccup's shoulder. "I got some things to take care of. Try not to die."<p>

"Wait, where are you going?"

"Like I said, I got some things to take care of. I'll meet you back at your house after dragon training. Oh, and remember to focus." With that Morgan scampered off in the direction of the forest. With any luck, Hiccup would manage to not die. With even more luck, she would manage to not die.

It took a little bit of looking, but Morgan managed to find the cove without too much trouble. Toothless was nowhere in sight. Sunbathing on a rock, maybe? She started climbing down. It was quiet, the kind of quiet heard in horror movies right before someone got nailed. She reached the ground. Still no sign of the Night Fury.

"Excuse me, Mr. Night Fury. I kinda need to talk to you, if that's okay."

Still nothing. Maybe he'd found a way out after all. Something moved behind Morgan. She turned just in time to see something big and black fly at her. The next moment she found herself pinned under the Night Fury's claws. "Oh crap."

Toothless growled as he sniffed her. She wasn't entirely sure, but it almost sounded like he was asking her what she was.

"I'm not very good to eat," she said. "In fact, I might kill you. Or at least give you indigestion."

He snorted.

"Really. Or I could hurt you."

He growled again. _I doubt it_.

Yep, talking dragon. "Yes I could."

Prove it.

"Not until you let me go."

He put his face close to hers. _I'm not stupid._

Morgan planted a kiss on his nose. He jerked back, startled, and she was able to wriggle out from under his claws and take refuge in a crack in the rocks. "Morgan used Sweet Kiss. Toothless is confused."

Toothless growled and tried to claw the rocks apart. Morgan curled up as far back as she could. "Crap. Confusion wore off."

When the rocks didn't budge Toothless glared into the crack. _What are you?_

"I'm a Pachirisu. Call me Morgan. You?"

I'm a Night Fury.

"Do you have a name?"

He growled, but didn't reply.

"I'll take that as a no. Are still going to try to eat me?"

Unless you prove why I shouldn't.

Morgan zapped him. He stumbled backwards. _What was that?_

"Lightning. Are you going to try to eat me now?"

He backed off a bit. _If you can do that more than once, no._

"Good, 'cause I can to that a bunch of times." Morgan came out of the crack and climbed onto one of the rocks. "Could we maybe talk like reasonable people...er, creatures?"

Toothless settled down at the bottom of the rock. _I'm listening._

"Okay. So you remember that guy who almost killed you the other day but didn't?"

He growled.

"I'll take that as a yes. Well, he's wondering why you didn't kill him, and he's just kind of a curious guy in general, so he's probably going to come back. So if you wouldn't kill him, that'd be great."

He spared my life, I spared his. It's a one-time deal.

"I get that, but maybe you could make an exception this one time?"

No.

"Please?"

Still no.

"Pretty pretty please?"

He growled. _Keep that up and I'll kill you._

"He can help you fly again."

Toothless blinked in surprise. _What?_

"He can help you fly again. But he can't really do that if he's dead, so yeah."

How do I know you're not lying?

"Because if I was I know you'd kill me. Besides, he's that weird sort of person that can't lift a hammer unless he's making something. If he can make a bola cannon, he can make you a new tail fin."

A bol-what?

"Never mind. Point is, he can help you. But you can't kill him. Or scare him too bad. Otherwise he might not come back, and you'd be stuck in here."

Toothless stared at her for a couple of minutes. _What's the catch?_

"You can't kill him. Maiming would probably be bad, too. That's about it."

What do you get out of it?

Morgan shrugged. "He's kind of a friend, and friends don't let friends get eaten by dragons."

He was quiet for another minute. _I want payment._

"What kind of payment?"

Fish.

"Um, okay. I know he'll probably bring one at first, and after that

he'll probably be able to bring more. You know, when he knows you won't eat him as soon as his back's turned."

Can I play mind games?

"I guess, as long as it doesn't scar him too bad."

He gave her a slightly disturbing dragon version of a grin. _When's he coming?_

"This afternoon or tomorrow. So it's a deal?"

As long as you hold up your end.

"Great! I'll make sure he brings a fish." Morgan shot off. As she bounded back towards the village she sighed with relief. That hadn't gone nearly as bad as she thought it might. At least she didn't get eaten. Being able to understand Toothless, though, that was weird. Useful, but weird. Could she understand other dragons, or just Night Furies? Or was it just Toothless? She'd have to make sure to listen the next time she went with Hiccup to dragon training.

Hiccup was waiting at his house when Morgan finally made it back, shield in hand. "What took you so long?" he asked.

"Just taking care of a few things. How'd training go?"

He shrugged. "Meh. Ready to go?"

"Go where?"

"You know, back to the Night Fury."

"Oh, okay." She gave him a searching look. "Aren't you going to bring a fish or something?"

"Wha... oh, right. Hold on a sec." He ran off, coming back a few minutes later with a large fish. "Do you think this will work?"

"Probably. Let's go."

They went off into the forest. After a bit of looking they found a narrow crevice that ran down to the bottom of the cove. Hiccup went forward, but his shield got stuck, and no amount of pulling could get it out.

"Great," Hiccup said. "Just great."

"I think you'll be fine without it," Morgan said.

Hiccup gave her a look. "There's a dragon out there, remember?"

"A shield might just aggravate it. You know, like you're trying to challenge it or something."

He rolled his eyes, but tossed the fish out. They waited a few minutes. "Looks like it's not there."

"There's no way for it to get out. How could it not be there?"

"What do I do?"

"What do you think you should do?"

He sighed, picked up the fish, and started walking. Morgan hopped a few feet from the crevice. Toothless was right where he should be, up on a ledge watching Hiccup. He winked at Morgan before coming down from his perch. It took Hiccup a moment to notice, and when he did he gasped and stepped back. Toothless came around so that Hiccup was between him and Morgan. Hiccup gulped and held out the fish. Toothless came closer, then growled and pulled away. _You've got a weapon, don't you?_

"Hiccup!" Morgan hissed. "Get rid of your knife!"

Hiccup gave her an are-you-crazy look, but pulled back his vest to reveal the knife in his belt. Toothless growled when Hiccup touched it. _Don't even think about it, toothpick._

Hiccup pulled it out and dropped it.

In the water, Toothless said, motioning towards the pond with his head.

Hiccup got the hint. In an amazing feat of agility (considering how clumsy he could be) he picked up the knife with his foot and kicked it into the water. Toothless dropped his growl and relaxed a bit, curious. Hiccup held out the fish again. The Night Fury gave Morgan a discreet look before slowly approaching, mouth open to show pink gums and nothing else.

"Toothless? I could've sworn you hadâ€œ"

Toothless' teeth popped out, and he snatched the fish.

"Teeth."

Toothless ate the fish in two bites. After licking his lips he started approaching Hiccup, head low. Hiccup stumbled backwards. He tripped, but kept scrambling back until he was against a boulder. "I don't...I don't have any more."

Morgan moved around the boulder so she could see what happened next. Toothless kept his face close to Hiccup's for a moment before making a strange sound, almost like a cat coughing up a hairball. He spit the tail half of the fish into Hiccup's lap and sat back. They stared at each other for a minute. Toothless looked at the fish half, then back at Hiccup. Hiccup looked at Morgan, who pantomimed eating it. He gave her an 'are you kidding me?' look before taking a bite and holding the rest out to Toothless. Toothless swallowed. Hiccup managed to gag it down, making some interesting faces as he did so. While Hiccup was busy choking Toothless gave Morgan a wink, then turned back to Hiccup and licked his lips. Hiccup sighed and smiled. This time it was Toothless who gave Morgan a questioning look. Morgan gave him a thumbs-up. Toothless tried mimicking the smile.

"Oh my gosh it's even cuter in real life!" Morgan squealed.

Neither Toothless nor Hiccup heard. Hiccup put the fish half on the ground next to him and stood, reaching out to touch Toothless. The Night Fury growled and took off, managing to glide to the other side of the pond. Once he was out of touching distance he torched a patch of ground and curled up. Hiccup followed. When Toothless was distracted with a bird that flew off Hiccup sat as close to the dragon as he could and still be out of biting range. When Toothless looked down and saw Hiccup he looked annoyed and shifted himself so he could put his tail between him and the boy with the fin blocking his view. Hiccup scooted closer and reached out. Toothless' tail lifted, and he growled before storming off to one of the roots poking out from the rock walls. Hiccup sighed and went back to Morgan. "It's pointless."

"Maybe he just needs a nap," Morgan said. "You know, some people are just really grouchy until they take a nap, and then they're super nice. My grandma's like that."

"So what, we just leave and try again tomorrow?"

"I guess we could wait here. At least that way you'll know about how long a dragon nap is."

He sighed and sat on a rock. "So about this whole adventure you were on."

"Yeah, it was great. Except almost dying a few times. That kind of sucked." She launched into a telling of her last little adventure. After a little bit Hiccup picked up a stick and started doodling in the dirt. Morgan had just gotten to the battle of Helm's Deep when Toothless came up. Hiccup glanced at him, but continued drawing. After a minute Toothless trotted away. There was a snapping sound, and the Night Fury came back with a small tree clenched in his mouth. He started dragging the tree around, making lines in the dirt and smacking Hiccup a couple of times. Finally he stopped and dropped the tree.

"Wow," Morgan muttered. "It looks kind of like our route that one time we went to Boston."

Hiccup stood and looked around. As he turned to get a better view he stepped on a line, causing Toothless to growl. When Hiccup lifted his foot Toothless stopped. Hiccup did it a couple more times just to make sure that was what the dragon was growling about before stepping over it. When Toothless didn't growl he started stepping over the lines, looking for all the world like he was doing some kind of weird dance. So absorbed was he in looking around that he didn't notice how close he was to Toothless until he felt the dragon's breath on the back of his neck. He turned around. Toothless was watching him. Hiccup reached out to touch him. Toothless snarled a little, but didn't move.

"Let him decide," Morgan whispered, although she doubted Hiccup could hear.

Hiccup sighed, then turned away and held out his hand. Toothless stared at it for a moment. Morgan bit her lip and started bouncing. This was, like, one of the most important parts in the movie, and anything she could do would probably spoil it. After a minute Toothless pressed his nose against Hiccup's hand.

"Yes!" Morgan squealed.

Both Hiccup and Toothless looked at her.

"Sorry."

Toothless snorted. _More fish next time. Got it?_

Morgan saluted. "Yes, sir!"

The Night Fury snorted again and bounded off. Hiccup sighed before turning to her. "What was that all about?"

"He wants you to bring more fish next time."

"Wait wait wait. You understood that?"

"Yeah. Couldn't you?" She hopped onto his shoulder. "Come on, I'm starving."

Hiccup rolled his eyes as a grin started to form. "You'll have to wait. Gobber said something about eating up on one of the catapults tonight."

"I'll just steal something from your kitchen, then."

As they left Morgan smiled to herself. Maybe they'd get thought this after all.

* * *

><p>So yes, Morgan can understand Toothless. Blame the Rubber Band of Time. And for the one person who commented on Pachirisu of the Ring about ideas for another Morgan story (and who may or may not be reading this), I can't reply to guest reviews, but if you don't want to sign in feel free to just leave a review with your suggestions. If anyone else wants to suggest something that's fine, too.<p>

6. New Tail

Don't take 17-18 credit hours your last two semesters in college. It will suck out your soul, and it WILL take all summer to recover from it. At least, if you're like me.

* * *

><p>Hiccup and Morgan had just gotten back to the village when they saw Gobber coming towards them.<p>

"Aw crap," Morgan said. "I'll see you later." She bolted back into the trees. When Hiccup and Gobber were out of sight she scampered to Hiccup's house and found some bread to eat, then headed to the one catapult with a fire on it. She got up there just in time to hear Snotlout say, "I'll cut off the legs of every dragon I fight. With my face."

"Hmm," Morgan said as she wedged herself in a crevice just below the top. "I wonder if he means he'll cut off the legs with his face, or

if he means he'll only cut off the legs if he fought it with his face."

Gobber said something about wings and tails. A minute later Hiccup came clattering down the ramp. Morgan followed him until he got to his house and started calling for her in a low voice. She hopped onto his shoulder, making him jump. "What is it?"

"I got an idea. Come on."

Hiccup went to the smithy and into a small room in the back. Shelves held odds and ends, and several diagrams resided either on or above a slanted table. Hiccup sat at the table, pulled out his notebook, and opened it to his Night Fury sketch. "I know why it can't fly." He redrew the tail fin that had been smudged out. "There."

Morgan hopped onto the table. "Huh. That makes sense. So what are you going to do?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what the problem is. Are you going to fix it?"

"Think it will eat me if I try?"

"Not if you bring enough fish. Besides, I'm pretty sure he wants to fly again, and he's obviously not going to do it on his own."

"So we just have to make another one," Hiccup mused.

"In theory."

Hiccup pulled out a large sheet of paper and started sketching. In half an hour he had a diagram of an artificial tail fin. "Think that'll work?"

"Probably. It looks pretty close to the real one. So how are you going to make it?"

"There's plenty of stuff lying around."

"Gobber won't mind?"

"He never notices."

"Huh. Works for me."

Hiccup started gathering broken blades and tools and whatever other scraps of metal he could find, even going so far as to pull nails out of shields. After a couple of hours of watching Hiccup work Morgan curled up and took a nap. She woke up just in time to help him slip on the cloth part.

"So you can work a forge and sew?" she said.

"Someone's gotta sew around here."

"True. I guess your dad isn't the homemaking type."

Hiccup held the new tail up to his diagram, then closed it.

"Tomorrow."

"Just remember to bring some more fish. Like, a lot of fish."

"Right." He yawned. "But now, bed."

The next morning, after Hiccup almost got eaten by a Gronkle during training, Morgan kept a lookout while he gathered a basketful of fish. They managed to get out of the village without being seen and headed for the cove.

"So are you going to call him anything?" Morgan said.

"What?"

"The dragon. Any nicknames you want to give him?"

"Why?"

"Because calling him 'the dragon' or 'the Night Fury' seems kind of, I don't know, impersonal."

"It's not a pet. It's a freaking dragon."

"So?"

Hiccup gave her a look, then sighed. "Fine. What about Blackie?"

"Nah. That's what you name dogs and horses."

"Fireworm?"

"He's more like a salamander than a worm."

"Firesalamander?"

"That's just silly."

Hiccup groaned in frustration, then said, "What about Toothless? Or is that too ironic?"

"Nope. Irony's good."

They made it to the cove. The newly-named Toothless was not too far away, waiting for them. _Well?_

Morgan gave him two thumbs up. Hiccup set the basket down, almost falling over in the process. "Hey Toothless. I brought breakfast." He kicked the basket over. "Hope you're hungry."

Toothless came up to investigate, poking through the fish.

Hiccup started edging around the fish. "There's some salmon, some Atlantic cod, and a whole smoked eel."

Toothless poked around for another moment before jerking back and growling. Hiccup picked up the eel. Toothless jerked back, teeth

bared and eyes wide in what Morgan guessed to be a dragon scream. Hiccup tossed the eel away. "Yeah, I don't like eel much, either."

Toothless gave the pile of fish a thorough look and a sniff, then started eating. Hiccup started tip-toeing around him. "Don't mind me," he murmured. "I'm just minding my own business."

He got to the end of Toothless' tail and set the new fin down. As he was sliding it closer Toothless' tail moved. Hiccup glanced at the dragon, who was still occupied with the fish, then looked at Morgan, who made a 'keep going' gesture. He tried again. When the tail wouldn't hold still he resorted to sitting on it. Morgan helped with the buckles. They had just finished when Morgan saw Toothless spreading his wings. She let out a quiet "meep!" and hopped off just as the Night Fury took off.

Hiccup's startled cry almost drowned out the sound to Toothless' wings as they flew. Then Toothless started having problems. He swerved, dipped, and started heading straight for the wall of the cove.

"Open the fin, Hiccup!" Morgan yelled.

Hiccup yanked the fin open, and Toothless shot upwards. Morgan could barely hear him yelling, "It's working!" as Toothless backed to the right. They flew back down, over the water. Then Toothless noticed the boy hanging on and whipped his tail. Hiccup went flying before landing in the shallows with a splash. Toothless, deprived of a means to keep the tail fin open, plowed into the water as well. Hiccup jumped up. "Yeah!"

Toothless glared at him before wading to where Morgan was. _That's how he's going to help me fly again? Clinging onto my tail?_

"No," Morgan said. "At least, definitely not your tail. This was kind of, I don't know, a proof of concept. You know, to make sure it actually worked."

Are you implying that he'll have to ride me in order for me to fly?

"Maybe, at least at first. I mean, he needs to see what's going on in order for it to work, and he can't do that if he's on the ground and you're in the air."

I don't like it.

"Just give him some time. He'll figure something out."

"What?" Hiccup said.

"He was just wondering if you'd end up holding onto his tail next time," Morgan said. "I told him probably not."

Toothless growled. _More fish next time. And get that thing out of here._ He nodded towards the eel.

Morgan saluted. "Gotcha."

Toothless bounded off. Hiccup sighed and headed for home. "How could I get it to stay open?" he said, half to himself.

"I don't know," Morgan said as she grabbed the eel and held it out to Hiccup. "You're the mastermind here."

Hiccup took the eel. "The what?"

"The mastermind. You know, the person that comes with all the plans."

"I thought that's what you were."

"Nah. I'm just the henchman."

"Right."

Hiccup was quiet the rest of the way back, deep in thought. It wasn't until they had already gone to bed when he sat up and said, "I'm gonna need a saddle."

Morgan yawned. "Then I guess we'll make one tomorrow after dragon training."

The next day, at Morgan's insistence, Hiccup hid the eel under his vest before going to dragon training. Morgan headed off and found the crack in the wall. When everyone was there Gobber handed each of the trainees a bucket of water. As soon as the door opened a cloud of dust billowed out.

"The Zippleback is extra tricky," Gobber said. "One head breathes gas, the other lights it. Your job is to figure out which is which."

The trainees ended up in pairs, cut off from each other by the dust. Morgan couldn't see what happened, but she could hear water being splashed, talking, and someone getting punched. Then someone screaming, probably Ruffnut. The dust billowed before a pair of wings cleared it away. The Zippleback was looming over Fishlegs and Hiccup. Fishlegs splashed one of the heads with his water. The other head started spitting sparks.

"Oops. Wrong head."

The wet head released a jet of green gas, and Fishlegs ran off screaming. With him out of the way, the dragon turned its attention to Hiccup.

"Now, Hiccup!" Gobber called.

Hiccup tossed the water up. It didn't reach halfway to the dragon's head before coming down and splashing his feet. "Oh come on."

The Zippleback roared, and Hiccup scuttled backwards.

"C'mon," Morgan muttered. "Smell the eel. Smell the eel."

The dragon's heads almost touched Hiccup before they caught a whiff. It reared up and backed off. Morgan swore she heard it squealing. Hiccup got to his feet and started forcing the Zippleback backwards,

complete with hand motions and saying "back!" a few times. When the Zippleback was inside its cage he tossed the eel in after it and managed to close the stone doors. He dusted off his hands and turned. The others were staring at him, jaws almost on the ground.

"So are we done here?" Hiccup said. "'Cause I gottaâ€|yeah. See you tomorrow!" He ran off.

Morgan was forced to wait until the arena cleared out before she could follow after him. He was already in the smithy, gathering pieces of leather.

"I told you the eel would be a good idea," Morgan said.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Hold this still, will you?"

Hiccup started making the saddle, with Morgan helping when she could. They had just gotten the seat together when they heard someone coming in.

"Crap!" Morgan said before ducking underneath some tools.

Hiccup slid the saddle out of sight just a Gobber came in.

"What are you doing in here?" Gobber said.

"Oh, just, you know, working. On stuff."

"Uh huh." Gobber didn't sound convinced, but he let the matter drop. Instead he went to the pile Morgan was hiding under and picked up a tool.

"Crap crap crap," Morgan muttered under her breath as she looked around for another hiding place. The nearest one was across the room and would require running right in front of Gobber.

Gobber finished the tool he was working on and picked up another. Then another. He was about to pick up the one right above Morgan when Hiccup said, "Hey, Gobber, is someone calling your name? Because it sounds like someone's calling your name. Outside."

Gobber raised an eyebrow, but went out. Morgan darted across the floor and under some bins, popped back out long enough to give Hiccup a thumbs up, and went back under. Gobber came back in a few seconds later. "You were hearing things."

"Oh." Hiccup shrugged. "Sorry."

They continued working until evening, when Gobber left for dinner. Morgan came out. "Whew, that was close."

"Hiccup!" Gobber called.

"I'll be back," Hiccup said.

"Bring me back some food!" Morgan said.

Hiccup gave her a thumbs up and followed Gobber towards the mead hall. Morgan occupied herself with looking at the diagrams Hiccup had sketched and poking the half-made saddle. How was it that a kid as

smart as Hiccup couldn't go twenty feet without tripping half the time?

After about an hour Hiccup came back, and they went back to work on the saddle.

"Does Gobber come back in the evenings?" Morgan said.

"Nope," Hiccup said as he got the saddle back out. "He's only here in the afternoons."

They went back to work on the saddle. By the time Morgan started yawning it was finished. Hiccup held it up and gave it a final look-over. "Think we can get it on him?"

"If you bring enough fish."

"How much is that?"

"More than last time."

Hiccup groaned. "That much fish?"

"'Fraid so."

"This is going to take two trips."

"I guess you could take this out tonight and get the fish tomorrow."

"Like all the way?"

"Nah. Maybe just hide it partway in. Save yourself a bit of time."

Hiccup sighed, but picked up the saddle and a coil of rope and carried out into the forest. Once it was hidden in a hollow tree they went back and headed to bed.

* * *

><p>Short-ish chapter, yes. But it's better than nothing, right? Maybe? ...I'll go to my corner now.<p>

7. See You Tomorrow

Good news: I got a job. Bad news: it's pretty much taken over my life. But I did manage to get another chapter done just in time for Christmas!

* * *

><p>The next afternoon Hiccup gathered a crap ton of fish and hauled it to the cove. Morgan stood guard over it while he went and got the saddle. Somehow he managed to get both the fish and the saddle down without losing either one. Toothless, curled up by the water, eyed the fish. Is that more than last time?

"Yep," Morgan said.

Good. Toothless went to the basket, tipped it over, and started eating.

"Try it now?" Hiccup whispered.

"Your call," Morgan whispered back.

Hiccup swallowed nervously, then approached Toothless. The Night Fury growled.

"Maybe wait until after," Morgan said.

They waited until after Toothless finished the fish. When the last fish was swallowed the Night Fury eyed the saddle. _What's that for?_

"It's so he can see what's up with the tail fin without falling off and dying," Morgan said.

Will he have to be on me?

"Afraid so."

Toothless growled. _No._

"Come on. It's either that or never flying again."

Still no.

"So you're saying you want to live in this hole for the rest of your life?"

There's worse.

"But why take that when you could be flying again?"

Toothless stared at Morgan for a good minute before speaking. _I still don't like it._

"But will you do it?"

Fine.

Morgan beamed. "Great, let's go!"

"I missed something," Hiccup said.

"You can put the saddle on him now."

"You sure he isn't going to eat me or something?"

"Pretty sure."

Hiccup swallowed nervously and approached Toothless with the saddle. Toothless huffed and looked away. Hiccup looked at Morgan, who gave him a thumbs up, then went up to Toothless and put the saddle on. Toothless shook it off.

"Be nice," Morgan said.

Toothless huffed, but let Hiccup put the saddle on. _I still don't like it._

"You'll get used to it."

Hiccup tied a rope onto the tail fin and climbed on. "Come on, Morgan."

"Um, maybe I'll just stay down here."

Hiccup reached down, grabbed her, and dropped her on the saddle in front of her. "If I'm going on this death trap, you are, too."

Morgan swore she heard Toothless snickering right before he took off. The only reason she didn't end up on the ground was because Hiccup caught her.

"Give me some warning next time!" she yelled.

Toothless just flapped his wings harder.

"Freaking jerk," she muttered.

Hiccup tugged on the rope. The tailfin jerked out, causing Toothless to swerve so hard that both Hiccup and Morgan landed in the water. Morgan struggled to reach the surface. Her tail was dragging her down. Hiccup waded over and pulled her out.

Morgan spat out some water. "Thanks."

"Can Pachî€|Parchiî€|.squirrels swim?"

"One, it's Pachirisu. Two, probably not. Big bushy tail, you know."

"Wouldn't that help you float?"

"Not if it's waterlogged."

Hiccup waded to shore. Toothless was already there, shaking the water off.

That was awful, the Night Fury said.

Morgan wrung her tail out. "We'll get the hang of it."

And how long will that take?

"Probably not too terribly long. It's mostly just, you know, figuring out how hard to pull the fin out and the positions and all that. And maybe a better way to move it."

Toothless sighed. _If this doesn't work I'm eating you._

"Deal. Although I'd probably give you indigestion. And maybe kill you."

"I'm not going to ask," Hiccup said. "Should we try it

again?"

Morgan looked at Toothless, who sighed. _Fine._

Morgan gave Hiccup a thumbs up, and he climbed back on.

They landed in the water four more times before Hiccup figured out how hard to pull the tail fin. Finally they managed to glide over the cove and land on the ground. Hiccup pumped his fists in the air.

"Yes!"

Toothless humphed. _About time._

Morgan started scratching him between the ears. "See? I told you he'd figure it out."

You're an annoying little rodent, you know.

"Aw shucks, I think that's the nicest thing you've ever said to me."

Hiccup looked at the sky, which was starting to turn pink. "Aw man, it's that late already?"

Morgan climbed up onto his shoulder. "Afraid so. We'd probably better get back."

Hiccup took the saddle off of Toothless, and they climbed out of the cove.

"Maybe I should put a safety line on it," Hiccup said.

Morgan yawned. "That might not be a bad idea."

"You want one, too?"

"Sure, why not."

Hiccup grinned. "You'll be a flying squirrel."

"Flying Pachirisu."

"Same thing."

"Not really. Pachirisu count as a whole different species."

"What makes a Pachirisu|Pachirisu|whatever you are different from a squirrel?"

"You mean other than shooting lightning at things?"

Hiccup opened his mouth, then closed it again. "True."

They managed to get back to Hiccup's house without being noticed. After Hiccup got dinner they hauled the saddle over to the forge. A bit of forging and a strip of leather later, and he had a hook on a line that attached to his belt. Another piece of metal made a loop on the saddle for the hook to slide into.

"Are you sure that's going to stay in?" Morgan said as Hiccup slid

the hook into the loop and jiggled the saddle.

"Pretty sure."

Hiccup made another line for Morgan, as well as a small harness that she could wear. By the time he was done Morgan was half asleep. Hiccup carried her back to the house, and they went to bed.

The next afternoon they went back to the cove. After another basket of fish Toothless allowed Hiccup to put the saddle back on him. Morgan hopped on. "Don't forget to buckle up."

"There's no buckles," Hiccup said as he swung on.

"Yeah, but 'hook in' just doesn't have the same ring to it."

Hiccup just rolled his eyes and got on.

The first test flight of the day ended in success, so Hiccup tried tying the rope he used to open the tail fin to his ankle. The result was a spectacular crash in the middle of some tall grass. Hiccup and Morgan managed to jump clear without getting hurt.

"That was close," Morgan said as she dusted herself off.

"Yeah. Hey, Toothless, you okay? Toothless?"

They went back and found Toothless rolling around in the grass.

"Huh," Morgan said. "Maybe it's dragon nip."

"Dragon nip?"

"Yeah. Like cat nip, only for dragons."

"What's cat nip?"

"It's this weird plant that cats go crazy over. Kind of like that." Morgan pointed to Toothless, who was still rolling around in the grass.

"You think all dragons would do that?"

"Maybe. You could bring some to training and see."

"I think I will." Hiccup picked some of the grass and tucked it into his belt pouch.

It took them almost an hour to get Toothless away from the grass, and that was only after Morgan started calling him adorable. By the time they got back to the cove it was evening, so Hiccup and Morgan headed back.

The next morning Morgan went with Hiccup to dragon training. It was a Gronkle again, and it had no problem knocking down everyone except Astrid and Hiccup. As the Gronkle started heading for him Hiccup held out the handful of grass like it was a shield. The Gronkle almost ran into him before it caught a whiff. It came to a halt by plowing into the ground and started sniffing. Astrid, who had been in the process

of charging at the Gronkle with an ax, stopped and gave Hiccup a death glare. Morgan found herself holding her breath and praying Astrid didn't try to sink the ax into Hiccup's skull. Had she been like that in the movie? Or had it been more surprise? Maybe she was going to have to keep Astrid from killing Hiccup. That was going to be a lot of work.

There was a stunned silence from the few spectators. Then someone started cheering. Soon the entire crowd was yelling Hiccup's name. Stunned, Hiccup left the ring. The crowd milled around, talking about Hiccup's unexpected victory. Morgan silently cursed them. She couldn't leave until they did, and if she couldn't leave, she couldn't keep Astrid from killing Hiccup.

A minute later Hiccup returned, keeping to the shadows to avoid people. Oh, right. The "left my ax in the ring" thing. Good. Now at least she could keep an eye on him. The crowd dispersed after a bit, and Morgan was able to come out of hiding. "Told you it would work."

"Think it would work on every kind of dragon?"

"Probably. I mean, they all seem about the same with their likes and stuff. They all eat fish, don't they?"

"True. So, the cove?"

"Let's go!"

Hiccup returned to the house just long enough to pick up some more gear he'd made last night and some fish, and they made it out of the village without running into anyone and headed for the cove. Toothless was pretending to nap on the other side. Morgan whistled, and Toothless opened his eyes and moseyed over. "I'm not a dog, you know."

"You're also terrible at pretending to sleep."

"You're an insolent little squirrel."

"I'm not a squirrel. I'm a Pachirisu."

"Same difference."

"Actually, no. Squirrels can't shoot lightning."

"Details."

Hiccup dropped the fish in front of Toothless, who promptly started eating. While the dragon was occupied Hiccup and Morgan added the new pieces. In theory, it would let Hiccup control the tail fin with his foot instead of having to pull on the rope by hand.

Morgan eyed the contraption. It looked different than it had in the movie. "You sure this thing will work?"

"Yeah. What could possibly go wrong?"

"You mean, other than crashing into the ground at high speeds, or crashing into the ocean, or getting lost, or—"

"Okay, okay, I get it. But that could happen anyway, right?"

"True. Let's go!"

They hopped on and hooked up the safety lines. Toothless took off. They were flying over the trees when Hiccup said, "Uh oh."

"Uh oh what?"

"Line's jammed." Hiccup started fiddling with the line running from the foot pedal to the fin.

"Crap. How bad?"

"Really bad."

"Can we land?"

"Without crashing? Probably not."

Get it together back there! Toothless growled.

"Yeah yeah yeah." Morgan made a face before looking back at Hiccup. "Where's it jammed?"

"Don't know. I can't reach it."

Morgan sighed. "If I die I'm blaming you." She wriggled out of her harness and climbed carefully along the line. It was jammed under the wing, caught on a bit of metal. A little bit of pulling freed it. The line moved suddenly, throwing her off. Her scream was cut short by her tail getting caught between the line and the piece of metal.

"You okay?" Hiccup called.

"You move the line and I'll come back to haunt you." Morgan scrambled to grab something.

"I'm gonna have to move it soon."

"Just give me a minute."

"Don't have one."

Morgan managed to grab the line just as her tail came free. She climbed back to Hiccup and darted under his vest. "You're good now."

Hiccup adjusted the position. Toothless wobbled. Another position made Toothless wobble even more.

All the way out, Toothless said.

"Try moving the fin all the way out," Morgan said.

Hiccup did so, and Toothless started slowing down. They landed on a cliff above the ocean. Morgan tumbled from under Hiccup's vest and landed on the ground. "Sweet, sweet dirt."

"Um, are you okay?"

"Other than almost dying? Yeah." Morgan got up. "You probably want to make sure it doesn't jam up again. Almost dying's no fun."

"Where did it jam up?"

Morgan scampered over to the spot and pointed. "Right there. It got caught on that bit of metal."

Hiccup managed to bend the metal a bit so the rope wouldn't get caught. "Think that'll work?"

"I hope so. Think there's any other place where it'd get caught?"

Hiccup checked the rest of the line and shook his head. "Looks good."

They got back on, and Toothless headed straight back to the cove.

"What's wrong?" Hiccup said.

Toothless huffed. _I'm not flying again until you come up with a better way for us to not die._

Morgan shrugged. "He wants to find a better way to test out the fin that doesn't involve almost dying."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. Is there a way to make it so it's like we're flying without us actually flying around?"

"That doesn't make any sense."

Morgan was tempted to try to explain the concept of a wind tunnel, but decided not to in case she really screwed up the world. "Just think about it."

"Right." Hiccup took off the saddle. Toothless was still sulky, so Hiccup started scratching him. After a few moments Toothless started purring in spite of himself. Hiccup scratched harder. When he scratched a spot just under Toothless' jaw the dragon went limp.

"The heck?" Morgan said.

Hiccup scratched the back of his head. "I didn't kill him, did I?"

"No. Look, he's moving. And it looks like he's smiling a little."

"Huh. So it just knocks them out."

"Cool. New thing to try out during dragon training?"

"You think it'll work on other dragons?"

"Only one way to find out."

"And if it doesn't?"

"You'd better hope either Gobber or Astrid saves your hide."

"That's not really comforting."

"I'm sure they won't let you die. How long do you think it lasts?"

"I don't know." Hiccup sat down and started examining the flying gear. "Guess we could wait and find out."

They went over the gear together and found a couple of spots that could cause problems, which Hiccup took note of to fix when they got back. Toothless woke up about half an hour later. He stood and shook himself.

"Have a nice nap?" Morgan said.

Toothless glared at her. _You're still here?_

"Well, yeah. We wanted to make sure Hiccup didn't kill you or anything."

Something as small as that wouldn't kill me.

"Doesn't hurt to be careful, though."

Whatever. Toothless stretched. _Have you come up with a better way to not get killed?_

"We're working on it."

Hiccup and Morgan left when it started getting late. As they got close to the village Hiccup said, "What if I put the line in a tube? Then it wouldn't get caught."

"True. But you'd have to make it so that you could get into the tube so you could check the rope."

"Or make it so the rope could be taken out."

"Getting it back in might be a pain, though. And you'd have to make sure there wouldn't be anything inside the tube that would rub against the rope and make it fray."

They continued brainstorming until they went to bed. Morgan smiled as she watched the moon through the window. Maybe, just maybe, this would actually turn out right.

* * *

><p>Fun fact: Morgan has five sisters and two brothers.<p>

Happy holidays, Merry Christmas, Happy Yule, and whatever else you celebrate!

End
file.